

The Resurrection of Nathan

BY
A. C. GARRIGUS

It was very warm in the potato patch. Nathan removed his straw hat, and moping the crown of his shiny bald head, ran his eye over the long rows that yet remained to be hilled and sighed plaintively. Overhead, feeble clouds swam in a blue sky, an oriole warbled snatches of song from the leafy top of a June apple tree, and it looked invitingly cool in the shade.

Nathan sighed again and took up his hoe. Daniel Freeman, whose quest should have led him straight ahead, past the white house set back in the cedars and the long garden with its village of beehives, deflected his course so that he struck the fence about opposite his friend in the lopsided straw hat.

"Hello, Nate," he called cheerily.

"Hello yourself," responded Nathan, grumpily, without looking up from his work.

"What are you doin' anyway," demanded Daniel.

"What am I doin' anyhow," snapped Nathan.

"Now what does it look like to you, can't you see?"

"Well, you needn't saw me off so short, 'taint my fault 'twant done long ago. I've got to be pluggin' along anyway, I'm goin' fishin'."

"Now I hope you ain't," exclaimed Nathan.

"I just am," returned Daniel.

"No good for fishin' to-day," said Nathan jerkily, plying his hoe with great vigor, "too windy."

"There aint a bit of wind," contradicted Daniel.

"It's goin' to storm sure, you won't get a nibble."

"Not a cloud in the west."

"Water too muddy," persisted Nathan, picking up his pieces of string and carelessly scrunching a potato bug, "they won't bite."

"Clear as crystal; aint rained for a week and you know it."

"Then why don't you go on," said Nathan, testily, "what are you stoppin' to bother me for?"

"Didn't know I was," replied Daniel with studied courtesy, "I'm awful sorry I stopped. Well, so long."

Nathan watched him walk away with an air of great unconcern which each step diminished. At last his curiosity grew too strong for his weak resolve.

"Oh, Dan," he called faintly.

Daniel continued cheerfully on his way.

"Oh, Dan," he repeated, then he flung down his hoe and hastened along the inside of the fence. "Hil there, dog-nab it all, don't you hear me? What's your great hurry all at once? I say, whereabouts are you goin'?"

"Out to the Moss Island bridge," answered Daniel calmly.

"I wish I could go along," said Nathan, licking his lips greedily and looking toward the house.

"You can't go," decided Daniel, "you've got all them potatoes to hoe."

"I reckon I can go if I want to; these vines aint a sufferin' to speak of; I can put 'em off."

"No, you can't," said Daniel provokingly, "she won't allow you to. Well, good-bye, I must be goin'."

"Hil on, aint I say I was goin' along?" demanded Nathan distinctly.

"You daseest," returned Daniel, "less'n you ask her, and she won't let you go."

"She aint to go," cried Nathan triumphantly, "she's over to Sis' Ann Thompson's. Do you reckon you got bait enough for two?"

"Plenty," replied Daniel, "dug it a purpose."

"I ain't got any line," complained Nathan, "she hid it last time."

"I brought you some and a pole."

"I've got a pole," Nathan replied with a wag of his head; "she didn't count on my havin' two, an' we'll need some extra hooks, 'cause you always git fast and have to break your line that little trick last."

"I'm afeared we can't git back by noon," Nathan remarked, squinting anxiously at the sun.

"Sure we can't," corroborated Daniel; "we'll have to take our dinners. I've got the cookin' things here; you better run up and smook something from the house, butter and eggs and whatever else is handy, and don't forget salt, and sugar for the coffee. I'll keep a watch on the road."

Nathan raced up the path and through the sagging gate, while Daniel waited in the shade and occasionally cast a weather eye in the direction of Sis' Ann Thompson's.

Xerida Banks was a good cook and everybody in Millville knew it, because she kept open house to all preachers, delegates, visiting Rebekahs and such other wayfarin' persons as came within the pale of her approval. Upon Daniel Freeman, however, was the ban of her disapproval. He was a bachelor who kept the corner grocery, and in her estimation was the possessor of a blighted soul and a walker in the paths of the unrighteous. As such, he trod outside the circle of her hospitality, except such surreptitious snatches as he had at it through the good offices of his co-worker in iniquity, Nathan.

Aunt Zeril, as she was commonly called, was a large, soft-voiced, pleasant-faced, matronly-looking woman, whose sole care was the wickedness of the world and the waywardness of her husband. He was a perpetual antithesis to all of her likes and dislikes. He loved dogs and hated cats, he preferred to fish rather than to work in the garden, and to spend the evening at Freeman's grocery rather than at prayer meeting. He was a straight-out-and-out Republican without any apology for his party's record on the liquor question, while his wife was an ardent Prohibitionist who had finally succeeded in saddling the responsibility for the rum traffic alike on the man who sold and the man who voted to let him sell.

Nathan also chewed and smoked, when he got the chance, brought mud in on her carpets, let everything he used exactly where he used it and argued persistently and shamelessly when brought to task concerning his views on his habits. In fact, he came about as near reaching her ideal of what a man should not be as was possible.

Nevertheless, Nathan was not all fault. He owned a good farm and managed it well; he got a liberal pension and used the money to good advantage, for all of which his wife rendered due praise unto Caesar by admitting that Nathan was a good provider, and when it came to shrewdness there wasn't a man in town sharp enough to skin him.

There was not a more delightful place along the whole river than Moss Island. Here the water ran still and deep between banks overhung with great trees, and carpeted in blue grass and white clover. A sycamore log sagged from the north bank to the island, and a great pile of driftwood added about and piled up against the rustic bridge and its approach from the island. Here was the choicest spot in the country to fish. Here was the haunt of the lymphatic

sucker, who fanned himself with his fins and turned up his nose at anything but the hangerman's noose. Here the black bass lay in wait for the unsuspecting minnow, and occasionally pickered and pike were to be found.

They had been fishing all morning with rather indifferent success, and Daniel was preparing dinner, which was, after all, his chief care on such expeditions. He would potter around half the morning whittling forked sticks for supports, stretching wire and making hangers for pots and kettles, and good safe contrivances for boiling coffee and frying meat, while his wife, who was as good as his second, would, however, liked to do nothing but fish; he even ate with one eye on his cork, and yet, when evening came his string was never any longer than Daniel's was.

Nathan had been angling for an hour for a fish that took off his bait as fast as it was put on, and was in no very good humor, and did not offer to come to dinner when called—which is an indignity that the best of cooks cannot suffer to pass unnoticed.

Daniel sounded the summons and repeated it, and then dropped in some rare expletives as an extra inducement, which Nathan, being in good fighting trim, promptly responded with a brusqueness that brought in return a reflection on his luck. A rapid fire of repartee followed, from which Daniel, having been worsted, retired with flying colors. Nathan then came to dinner.

The meal ended, he returned to his elusive tormentor, while Daniel washed up the cooking utensils, carefully packed them away in the basket, baited his hook and propped the pole up, stretched himself on the bank, and, pulling his hat over his face, went to sleep.

Meanwhile, Nathan had been growing braver and more daring and had ventured farther and farther out in the driftwood; presently the end of a log sank slowly and Nathan went with it. Alarmed by the splash and by the cries of a small boy who had witnessed the calamity from the bridge, Daniel scrambled to his feet in time to see Nathan splutter to the surface hatless, gasping and sneezing, his thin hair hanging over his eyes, but still holding the pole in his hand. The sight was too much for Daniel and he became convulsed with an inward inclination to laugh and an outward determination to keep a solemn face.

"Why you cussed old fool," gulped Nathan, "you stood up there and laugh like a hyena an' me a drownin' right here before you. What do you mean?"

"Drownin'," howled Daniel, "why man you couldn't drown in there less'n you had a fit and laid down face foremost. What are you hugin' that log for? Why don't you let your feet down and wade out?"

Thus admonished, Nathan was soon on the bank, very soggy and slimy, with all the fishing fever washed out of him for the time being, and an intense desire for home burning in his breast. To his purpose to return Daniel demurred.

"You aint a goin' home that way," he said decisively. "Why you never would hear the last of it. It's bad enough as it is, but for you to go back there lookin' like a bedraggled old hen would be a mortal disgrace to both of us. You just stay here and sit around in the sun till you get dry. You'll soon be all right. Cheer up."

"Notch," said Nathan, "that it's dreadful easy for the fellow that didn't fall in to be cheerful."

"I'm not a goin' to throw myself in, too just so as to be able to sympathize with you proper, I'll tell you that right now," said Daniel emphatically.

"I'm going to be took down with rheumatism," chattered Nathan. "I feel the chill now."

"Shoo," sniffed Daniel, "wind just a little bit cool, that's all. Come here and I'll build up a roaring big fire and have you dried out in less'n no time."

"Taint no use," whimpered Nathan, "I'm in for it sure. How are you goin' to get me out of here?"

"How am I going to get you home, you say, why walk you home; how else?"

"Can't never do it. I can't walk; why, I'm as weak as a cat. I reckon—I reckon, Daniel, you haven't got anything strenuous in you, have you?"

"For medicinal purposes only," said Daniel, solemnly; "have you got a prescription?"

"Now, look here, Daniel," protested Nathan, "you aint a treatin' me right. I'm in an awful serious condition. I've got a bad heart an' she's liable to go right back on me any time. If I don't get a powerful stimulant quick, I'm a goner."

"What do you reckon your wife will say?" queried Daniel.

"I don't care a cuss what she says," answered Nathan, with remarkable vigor for a man on the verge of collapse.

"Oh, well," said Daniel, with an air of having washed his hands of all consequences, "there is a bottle in my hip pocket here, an' of course of you're a mind to overcome me, and take it away there's nothing to prevent it; they aint a soul around I could call on for help."

"Don't you drink it all," he cried in sudden alarm. "I feel sorter unnerved myself after such a skeer. Why don't you fish like I do, Nathan? Here, you tear around and make yourself sick an' they aint no use in it. Look at me, why I just bait my hook and toss it out kinder careless like, and stick the end in the ground under a log and go off and leave it, just like I didn't expect to catch anything and didn't want to. Well, sir, it's a fact I can just see them big bass a nuggin' one another in the side an' putting their tongues in their cheeks and sayin', 'look at that fellow, he's so blamed lazy he won't even fish for us; what fun it will be to go and get on the hook anyway, and make him have to pull up and take us off and string us and bait all over again.' Ten to one I've got one right now. Can't see my cork anywhere; it's dug down clean out of sight. Wheel! Look out there! What did I tell you? Aint he a beauty?"

"I tell you, Nathan, that's one way to get your share of the good things in life. Just pretend you're utterly indifferent to 'em. I never saw a fish yet that didn't carry the very first man she found she couldn't manage. Fortune has a peculiar habit of goin' where she aint wanted just for spite."

A boy, breathless from running, tore down the bank streets of Millville, shouting the news that Nate Banks "had been drowned out to the Moss Island bridge."

Mrs. Banks was soon found and escorted to her home by a conveyance of sorrowing neighbors, most of whom were anxious to see how she took it. At the front gate she stopped the escort.

"I want to be alone," she told them, quietly, but firmly. "I don't need any of you; if I do I will send for you. I'm not one of the faintly kind that has to be propped up on pillows and fanned. 'Taint only what I've been expectin'. Maybe it's the Lord's way of takin' him before he goes any more."

About the hour of 5 o'clock Daniel and Nathan hove in sight, Nathan a little stiff and sore from his watery experience, and, perhaps, a trifle groggy in the legs from

the amount of "stimulant" he had aboard. In lieu of a hat he now wore his red handkerchief, knotted around his head, and in his hand he proudly carried a string, consisting of the big bass that Daniel had taken and the three little shiners that he had caught himself.

At the front gate there ensued quite an animated discussion, and Daniel made several futile attempts to break and ribs, but finally succumbed to the tearful persuasiveness in Nathan's voice, and with what appeared to be a long farewell look at the world he put his hand to the plow, set his teeth and followed his friend up the walk.

Nathan made a wide detour about the house, and, failing to note any warlike demonstrations, advanced to the veranda, tipped across, sounded a timid alarm, and, shutting his eyes, saw drawing a deep breath, awaited the coming of the inevitable. There was a rattle of bolts and the door flew suddenly open.

What followed is hardly clear to Daniel. He had a momentary glimpse of a face smiling through tears, saw his friend folded in an ample embrace, heard a voice exclaim, "Nathan! Nathan!" and then a door closed and shut Daniel, like a Peri, out of paradise. The old man arose and looked about him with a vague sense of disappointment. For the first time in his life he experienced a distinct feeling of injury—a conviction that, some way, he had been cheated out of something, and as he shuffled toward the gate a black cloud of despair settled down upon him and a wave of loneliness rolled over his soul.

"Why, she wa'n't mad at all," he mumbled to himself; "darned if I don't believe she was glad to see him. Lord! Lord! How sweet she did say that 'Nathan! Nathan!'"

"I don't know," he said, closing the gate behind him and picking up his basket of things; "sometimes I think I oughter married when I was young. It's too late now, I reckon. I'm too old—too old now."

Criticism of Sargent.

Philadelphia Record.

John L. Sargent is occupying considerable of the public print at the present time, both in this country and in England. A number of his sketches and studies are now on view at the Carfax Gallery, London, and there is a considerable diversity of opinion concerning their merit. According to the London Express, they are "exceedingly clever, broad and luminous, but also highly impressionist" (sic). "Impressionist" is a word which, though it has been used in art criticism, but surely the Express writer does not mean that Sargent's work has anything in common with that of the French Impressionists. Two paragraphs from the same writer are worth quoting in full:

"The white cows in No. 10 are quite transparent. They have clearly defined horns, but are not clearly defined in color, and a well known cattle breeder was heard to say that cows of that sort would not be of much use on a farm."

"What one critic took to be a doorway in a church was pronounced by another to be a hanging lamp, and a timid suggestion that perhaps the Venetian landscapes were painted while Mr. Sargent was very young, and as his opinion that nothing finer had been painted in Venice since the days of Titian."

Sargent shows, to be held in July at the Boston museum, when the portrait of the artist's portraits painted since his recent coming to this country are to be on view.

A Dirge for Papers Dead.

And ever the papers come, And ever the papers come, The little papers born to die When we have loved them so.

Some are the highest art, Some are the broadest fun, But each comes with a long-felt want, Each and every one.

Some are "clever," clever, Libelous, personal, smart, Some with pictures and prose and verse And some that "fight for the right," Say they will never yield.

Some have a "good" behind them, Some one "with money" to buy, But most are born with nothing but nerve And the hopes of what they will earn.

Some are quite unpretentious, And begin in a modest way, Some cling their cymbals and beat their drums, And shout "We have come to stay!"

Some have their second issue, Boast of the power they wield, But, cheap ones of dear, there's not one will appear.

Some are "particular friends," Poor little things, their realm stings In the words, "Our particular friend."

And ever the papers come, And ever the papers come, The little papers born to die When we have loved them so.

Always the unreal cry, Fail in the fickle hands, Duten to Park Row last they go To be sold on barrows and stands.

Poetry, Prose and Fraise, Here they are for a penny apiece, For sale on a hawker's cart "Here for a penny apiece."

They're all on a common level now As mortals after death, Those that had "come to stay," Those with "power to wield," The stupid, the smart, the rapid, the tart, The solemn, the staid, the gay.

The aggressive that never would yield, You're all of you dead, and it's true, as you said, You "all your particular friend."

—Roy L. McCarver, in the Criticon.

MAY BECOME L. M. SHAW'S LAW PARTNER

Miss Sadie American.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, it is said, has offered a young woman the chance to become his law partner when he resumes private practice. She is Miss Sadie American, whose unusual abilities have attracted attention. She has never been admitted to the bar or made a practical study of law, but Mr. Shaw has heard her argue and he says that he would rather have her for his law partner than any man in the profession.

When Mary tries her latest piece. The neighbors sadly sigh. For well they know she'll never cease; She'll learn the thing—or die.

And there at the piano-forte For many hours she'll stay; She's of the most determined sort—That girl across the way.

No matter if the song is low, No matter if it's high, She'll sing it through or else she'll know The very reason why.

It will not do to call police, It will not do to stay; When Mary tries her latest piece It's time to move away.

JINGLES OF THE TOWN

By
LOUIS
W. JONES

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Ambition.

Out on the road to Millerville in the beautiful month of June.

Neath a maple tree—that's the place for me on a blistering afternoon.

With never a care in the wide, wide world, and never a word to say.

And nothing do but to dream and dream till the end of the summer day.

Pilgrim.

Pilgrim is our rooster's name. He's full of fight and very game. One day he fought our neighbor's cock, And landed on that Plymouth Rock.

Which State in the Union raises the most tobacco?—Hugh B. Kentucky.

Does Iowa hold an election for Governor this fall?—W. C. H. Yes, on Nov. 3.

What was the average daily attendance at the Chicago world's fair?—V. A. P. The paid admissions averaged 172,712.

How many Jews are in the United States? If so, which ones?—T. C. D. Painstaking estimate by Jewish authority puts them at 1,136,240.

When did Fitzsimmons and Maher fight, and how many rounds?—Sport. Fitzsimmons knocked Maher out in twelve rounds at New Orleans, March 2, 1892, and in one round at Langtry, Tex., Feb. 21, 1896.

Does slavery exist in any of the lately acquired possessions of the United States? If so, which ones?—J. J. It has existed among the non-Christian tribes of the Philippines since the American occupation, and doubtless exists to-day, but on a diminished scale.

What State is called the land of steady habits? 2. What is referred to by "The Seven Sleepers"?—C. Y. Connecticut once had this name. 2. Seven youths of Ephesus who, according to the legend, died from religious persecution to a cave and there slept for 230 years, dying soon after waking.

Why was the Eads ship-railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec not put into effect?—B. S. Its deviser failed of getting the government to build the road, and died soon after forming a private company for the work. He was the leading spirit of the enterprise, the very life of it, and after his death no one of effectiveness succeeded to his place.

Will you tell me where I can find a biographical sketch of Sarah Flower Adams, or relate the incidents leading up to the composition of her hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee"?—H. S. Brief sketches will be found in most biographical collections. The most extended we locate does not note any extraordinary accomplishments to this particular inspiration; likely there were not any.

Of what is Ishinglass made? 2. Where is the heaviest rainfall in the United States? 3. At what speed does sound travel? 4. What causes the excessive dryness of Sahara desert? 5. What depths of sea have the most abundant life?—B. Of the air bladders of fish—sturgeon, cod, hake and weak fish. 2. The northern Pacific coast. 3. At 1090 feet per second. 4. Dry winds, chiefly. 5. The shallow ones.

Can a soldier in the United States army purchase his discharge?—J. G. In time of peace, if serving in the second year or first six months of the third year of his first enlistment, or if serving in his second or later enlistment, but not on continuous service or re-enlistment pay, he may apply, through military channels, to the adjutant general for the privilege of purchasing his discharge. He must give satisfactory reasons, which must have verification by

Back Home.

I've seen the great big monument glow with "tearful lights; I've seen the parks an' baseball grounds and all the other sights; I've parodied the slot machines an' had some hearty laughs

A-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n to some comic songs in them there photographs; I've et my meals on 'ill' noy street-by Jinks! they was immense.

You git a dollar dinner for exactly twenty cents; I've had a fortune teller read my future for a dime;

I've spent just sixteen dollars an' I've had a bully time; I've bought a brand new suit of clothes an' put on lots of style;

I've seen enough of city life to last me for awhile. An' now I'm goin' home again to make the fellaers sore

A-braggin' of my trip to town about the grocery store."

After the Deluge.

The backyard gardener shook his head Two weeks ago as he sadly said, "I fear all the plants will soon be dead. I wish it would rain quite hard."

The other day as I passed his way I heard the amateur gardener say, "I wonder if raising ducks would pay Out there in my old backyard?"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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the officer forwarding the application. The price is \$20, for discharge in the first month of the second year, and \$5 a month less for each succeeding month.

I think I have read in some history of the United States that our troops met and defeated British veterans of Napoleon's wars in fair the light; is this the case? If so, in what battle?—J. A. I.

Yes; Wellington's veterans, at the battle of New Orleans, were overwhelmed by Jackson's army, composed chiefly of militia and frontiersmen. Some history of the United States might still be worth your reading.

What is the source of the expression, "At sixes and sevens"? 2. Who wrote "The Caudle Lectures"?—M. W. F.

It is very odd, and several explanations are offered. One traces it to the disadvantageous condition of a backgammon player whose men are exposed to throws of six or seven. Connection with the unlucky thirteen

is claimed, and others see reference to Job's troubles in Job v. 19. 2. Douglas Jerrold, who published them in London Punch.

In four-handed euchre which players have the privilege of playing alone?—Cards. All have the right who order up, take up or make a trump, as does each whose partner assists, orders up or makes trump. Of course, a player may not play alone with a trump he has passed or with one the making of which he has passed; nor after a lead has been made; nor when he or his partner has been ordered up, nor when his opponents make or accept the trump.

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